

CALLS FOR HER SLAIN HUSBAND

Mrs. Della Lupo, in Cot in Bellevue Prison Ward, a Mystery to Police, Who Suspect Man Was Murdered.

SPENT WHOLE NIGHT IN ROOM WITH DEAD BODY.

Carried It, Police Allege, from Floor of Apartment to Bed, Where She Attempted to Stanch Flowing Blood.

Lying on a cot in the prison ward in Bellevue Hospital, Mrs. Della Lupo, held for attempting suicide after her husband had been shot to death in their apartment at No. 270 West 14th street, declared to-day that she was not responsible for his death.

"I wouldn't have killed him," she declared. "I loved him better than I did my own life."

The woman was in suffering and little could be got from her by Detective McKenzies and Carmody who went to the hospital to question her.

Outside the hospital, in the morgue, lay the body of the husband. No one has come to claim it and it is not expected that any one will, unless some relative in Clarkstown does. If there is no claimant in the next few days it will be buried in Potter's Field.

While only a charge of attempted suicide has been made against Mrs. Lupo the police suspect that she shot her husband to death and when there were no more bullets in the pistol that she tried to die by taking poison. That she moved the body after the shots were fired they are certain. The blood on the floor of the apartment shows that the man was shot while standing at the foot of the bed. When he was found his head rested on a pillow. Attempts had been made to stanch the blood as it flowed from the wound in the head and the wound in the breast. The police believe that the woman shot the man Monday night after a quarrel with him over his attentions to another woman; that she spent the entire night in the room with the corpse and in the morning, half crazed because of her deed, swallowed the poison and lay down to die.

Her condition to-day is very nervous. She calls constantly for the dead man, begging him to come back to life.

Mrs. Lupo is a woman of education and refinement. She is not a poor woman. She has learned that her name was formerly in Clarkstown, Ga., and that she has two children, a boy and a girl, who are the children of a first husband. All questioning regarding the case has been refused by the police.

The Lupo first came to this part of the country two years ago. They lived at Hackensack, N. J., and their hands were made there. Both spent money freely for a time, but then they began to draw on the credit of the store. Mrs. Lupo opened a fashionable millinery store. She courted the best tradesmen in Hackensack and to get it she dressed handsomely. It is not known what business Lupo was in. He represented that he was an agent for a sewing machine concern, but he spent most of his time in Hackensack and the wife seemed to do most of the supporting of the two.

Became Jealous Two Months Ago. Mrs. Lupo first became jealous of her husband's attentions to other women two months ago. She had noticed him more than usually during the summer and was so attentive to a woman in Hackensack that she could not stand to see him go to New York City. She came to New York on Sept. 1 and obtained a position in a fashionable department store on Sept. 9. She worked only four days in the millinery department when she disappeared for two weeks. When she returned her place had been filled. Two weeks ago she returned to work. She was greatly worried, and last Saturday when she left work she was in tears. It is evident that the trouble between the Lupos had reached a crisis.

Quarrel Over "Other Woman." Mrs. Lupo told her landlady on Saturday night that she had a settlement to make with her husband. "He has been neglecting me horribly," she said. "He has been going to a red-headed woman who works in the store. I can't stand this neglect any longer."

When Lupo returned to his home there were high words and on Sunday, Monday the couple again quarreled. The woman was so angry that she attacked with the man. When he was kind to her she displayed affection for him. Lupo is said to be a very capable man. He was going to take "the other woman" out of the house and she had been expecting him to take her out. There is a story that she was to go to-night," she told Mrs. Williams, her landlady. "I want you to stay in the room of the house and not hear what comes out."

It is heard by other boarders in the house Monday night, instead of two, as was first reported. These shots all seemed muffled, and the boarders thought they were on the street in celebration of the election. The police say that if Lupo shot himself he must have tested the pistol three times before turning the weapon on himself.

They point out also that either of the wounds would have rendered him unconscious and helpless to fire the second shot. Their argument is therefore that murder was committed. After telling that her husband was dead she next morning the woman swallowed poison.

The police say that the woman will be held in custody until she is able to-morrow to be arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court on the charge of attempted suicide. If she is held on warrants it she will be held on the charge of having shot Lupo.

The police say that Lupo has recently employed by Charles Kattie, of No. 3 West Fourteenth street. Mr. Kattie knows little of the man.

POWERS WARN TURKEY.

Germany, France and Italy to Support Austro-Russian Policy.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 4.—The British, German, French and Italian Ambassadors visited the Porte yesterday and notified the Turkish Government that they were in receipt of instructions from their respective Governments to support the Austro-Russian reform scheme.

The Porte strongly objects to the control feature of the reforms.

Orders have been issued for the disbandment of six battalions of reserves.

MISS CLARA COFFIN, WHO HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.



ASKED SEPARATION, VALET TESTIFIES

Mrs. Marie Kreiss, Who Procured Decree in Germany, Now Withdraws Suit Here Against Her Former Husband

Justice Truax, sitting in the divorce court to-day, received a mental jolt in illustration of the caprices of one woman when the first case was called.

In behalf of Mrs. Marie Kreiss, August P. Wagner asked for permission to withdraw her suit for a separation and maintenance from John Henry Kreiss, the millionaire ice-machine manufacturer, and it came out that she procured an absolute divorce from him in Germany a dozen years ago.

In her complaint Mrs. Kreiss stated that she and Mr. Kreiss were married in Germany and were married in 1879 at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, that they had a daughter, Clara, now twenty-four years old; that John Henry cruelly deserted her on the Rhine in 1886 and came to America. She obtained a divorce from him at Frankfurt in 1894.

She said she heard that John Henry Kreiss had "struck it rich" in America. She followed and found him a year ago, bearing with one Jeannette Peterman, with whom he still lives, at No. 100 East Fifty-first street, and finally sued him for a separation in this country.

In behalf of Kreiss, who did not oppose the application for a bargain-day divorce, stated that Kreiss was married to Magdalene Marie Kreiss, as she alleges, and was away struggling to make a fortune, and that she gave her \$3,000 for the support of the child. When that was spent she demanded more and on his refusal she instituted this suit for a separation.

It was contended in behalf of Kreiss that Magdalene Marie Kreiss was bound by the divorce she got in Germany and could not maintain a suit for a separation.

Justice Truax granted permission to Mrs. Kreiss to withdraw her suit.

The Wrong Mrs. of Goldman. Sadie Goldman, of No. 230 Delancey street, seeking for a bargain-day divorce from Max Goldman, to whom she was married in 1867, when she was only sixteen years old, charged that he had been living with another woman two years ago.

Sadie Brand identified the picture of the secret husband, and Frank and Agnes Wandruska, janitors of No. 108 East Fourth street, testified that the original of the picture and his wife lived in an apartment there for the past two years.

Justice Truax granted a divorce to Sadie Goldman and her wife stood up in court the janitor and his wife declared that she was not Mrs. Goldman. They have three children, all grown up and married off, but Mary Toth, of Alpha, N. Y., a friend of the family, testified that she saw the husband of the part of this mother and grandmother that Justice Truax turned his gaze away.

Decision was reserved.

HAT ADORNS COFFIN.

There is one woman in Chicago, the wife of a young minister, who has always had a liking for hats of the flower-bed variety. At present she owns a "dream" of a "sky" piece that is covered with violets. The pretty young wife wore this hat to a funeral yesterday.

The architect is a delightful fellow, often without a single grain of business ability. In most respects it has seemed to him that architects are like others with the artistic temperament. For instance, when an architect tells you that he will have the plans and specifications ready for your examination on Thursday, if you are an ordinary business man, you think that he means the Thursday of the week in which he makes his promise. But any one who has had experience with architects knows that he means the Thursday after, or two weeks from the following Thursday, or possibly four weeks from the following Tuesday, or Saturday. If you do not write and telephone and call all over the place and tell them that you are still sitting up nights waiting for the plans he is likely to forget you entirely. Country life is America.

OIL MAGNATE'S DAUGHTER LOST

Clara Coffin Mysteriously Disappears from Her Home in East Orange and Police Are Asked to Search.

WENT OUT OSTENSIBLY TO VISIT A FRIEND.

Impression Has Been Conveyed That the Girl's Mind Was Temporarily Unbalanced, but There is Mystery in Case.

Clara Coffin, seventeen years old and beautiful, the daughter of E. W. Coffin, a Standard Oil magnate and a dealer in securities at No. 23 Broadway, is missing from her home at No. 15 Burnett street, East Orange, and her parents have enlisted the police in a search for her. The last seen of the girl was early yesterday evening, when she kissed her mother good-by and said she was going to a friend's house to study.

The case is involved in mystery, and the police are not certain that all the facts have been put in their hands that would help toward a solution of it. The theory that has been offered to the Orange police, and upon which they are working, is that Miss Coffin's mind is temporarily deranged by overstudy and she has wandered off in a helpless condition.

Friend Did Not See Her. Miss Jessie Houston, who lives next door to the Coffins, is the person whom Clara Coffin told her mother she intended to visit. That young lady says she has seen nothing of her friend since early yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Coffin, who is ostracized by the absence of her child, says that Clara appeared to be ill at ease all yesterday. When she came to the door she looked out in the evening the mother going in to see if it would do her good. Not until the daughter failed to return at a reasonable hour and it was learned that she had not been to the Houston home did the mother discover that Clara had taken with her two purses belonging to her parents, containing \$10 or \$12.

Miss Coffin was a member of the class of 1904 of the East Orange High School. After a honeymoon of thirty months, in which they travelled all over the country, she says he left her. That was in October, 1902.

She had him arrested last June, just as he was about to sail with his mother for Europe, and he was lodged in Ludlow Street Jail as a defendant in her suit for alimony. As soon as he was liberated he joined his mother in Europe.

Moore's Valet Testifies. A young colored man said proudly that his name was Henry Thomas Joseph Sylvester Moore, testified:

"I valeted for Mr. Moore for several years. On Oct. 13, 1902, Mr. Moore went with a lady to the Brevoort House and registered as 'Edwin D. Moore and wife.' They spent three days at the hotel. The lady was not Mrs. Moore. Henry R. Moore, clerk in the Hotel Grand Central, testified that Mr. Moore was also a guest at that hotel for a time and that his room bill averaged \$100 a month.

No defense was offered, but Justice Truax reserved decision.

Edwin D. Moore was the youth who set the little village of Ithaca in a blaze and scandalized Cornell University in 1895, when he was a student there, by coining a counterfeit of one of the professors.

The freshman made the money fast, then and gave \$500 a month to his father. The freshman made the money fast, then and gave \$500 a month to his father. The freshman made the money fast, then and gave \$500 a month to his father.

It was the talk of the university town and one night the Professor happened along at the railway station in the nick of time to intercept the freshman and Mrs. Kay who were about to board a train and elope.

There was a great deal of professorial received much the worst of it. His wife was broken up and Moore left the university.

Prof. Kay sued young Moore for \$5,000 damages for defaming his wife's affections. The case has never been tried.

TAMING AN ARCHITECT.

The architect is a delightful fellow, often without a single grain of business ability. In most respects it has seemed to him that architects are like others with the artistic temperament. For instance, when an architect tells you that he will have the plans and specifications ready for your examination on Thursday, if you are an ordinary business man, you think that he means the Thursday of the week in which he makes his promise.

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\$100 for Those Who Read The Girl in Black.

See First Chapter in Next Monday's Evening World

SUPPOSED DEAD MAN, WHO WENT TO HIS OWN WAKE AND SCARED MOURNERS, WHO BELIEVED HIM A GHOST.



"DEAD" MAN GOES TO HIS OWN WAKE

Friends of Missing John Siebert Mistake Drowned Man for Him and Hold Funeral Services Over the Remains.

After attending his own wake, being charged the privilege of voting on the grounds that he was a corpse and after being celebrated as a dead man, it was not until John Siebert, fifty years old, had returned to work for John Nodine, in Paddy's Fish Market, in Eleventh avenue, to-day that he was certain he was alive.

"Sure, John Nodine wouldn't have any dead ones working for him," said Siebert, by way of confirming the news that he was alive.

Siebert was born of German parents in the upper section of Hell's Kitchen, but all his life he has lived with the Irish, and now he has a fine brogue, marches in the St. Patrick's Day parade and advocates the destruction of the houses of Parliament.

He boards with Mrs. Josie Baker at No. 60 West Fifty-fifth street and started there last Saturday night to call on a few barkeeper friends.

"I gathered a fine braggan," said Siebert to-day, "and kept it bright and new until Monday, when I went to sleep in the stable back of my cousin's house at Eleventh avenue and Forty-seventh street."

Relieved Body Was Siebert's. While Siebert, who was popularly known as "Pop," because of his fondness for children, was missing with the "braggan," the body of a man closely resembling him was brought ashore at the foot of West Fifty-fourth street.

Mrs. Baker and others of the neighborhood were certain it was the body of Siebert.

"My brother woke me up in the stable yesterday afternoon," said Siebert, "and he says: 'Wake up, John, you're dead.' 'I'm not dead,' says I, 'but I'm dyin' for a drink.' 'Well, they're wakin' you up at the house,' says my brother. They think you're dead. They've got your corpse taken \$20 for the rent of a black suit. When they get you out to Calvary.' 'All that was news to me, and I says 'I'll go and take a look at election.' I see how I look when I'm dead. On the way we passed the election booth where I registered, and I went in to see how they picked me off right away as a foater. They said I'd floated ashore dead Monday night and that foaters and corpses couldn't vote there. No, sir; they wouldn't let me vote, either. John Donlin, the judge of election, tells me to go back to my coffin and not disturb good people what was trying to elect Mr. McCallahan.

"So I went on up to Josie's house. Near the house I meets a lot of kids I used to know when I was alive, and they run like I was a banshee. There was the little Cox girl, and Rosie Stein and the two Riley boys, Swetle, Dunne and 'Mickie' Purcell. Swetle cried: 'Wh'y, it's pop!' But Johnny Riley says, 'No, pop's dead; it's a ghost, and they all ran like mad, scream'ing down the street.' 'The thick!' I surely must be dead. I goes into Josie's house—she's me sister-in-law—and there was a great bunch in the front room. There was black curtains at the windows and big candles at each end of the coffin.

"When the women see me they shriek loud enough to take the roof off. They said I was a ghost and to please go away. 'No,' says I, 'I want to see how I look.' 'But you're dead,' says Josie. I thought may be I might be dead, but I wanted to be at the wake, anyhow. 'So I tip-toes over and takes a peep at the corpse. As a corpse I certainly do admire myself. I made a good corpse. They had given me a new shave and fine suit of black clothes. 'Sure,' says I, 'that's me, all right. I didn't know the undertaker could fix me up like that. He must be a good fellow.' 'Indeed,' says Josie. 'We gave him your undress'ing clothes for \$15, and he shaves you.'

THE PATIENT TURK. One of the peculiarities of Constantinople is the insolent demeanor of the horsemen to those on foot. Many times daily you will see some cabman trying to drive down a well-dressed man on the street. The drivers rarely take the trouble to shout as the approach pedestrians. "I was often filled with wonder at observing the meekness of the Turk. Even when no injury was done to such pedestrian he was often bespattered with mud. One day I saw a uniformed Turk picking his way across the street, using his sabre as a walking stick. Suddenly he dashed down on him and its driver, after nearly running over him, hurled at him a volley of what sounded like choice Turkish abuse. The uniformed Turk reared back; he scanned the mud off his uniform, stuck his sabre under his arm and waded across the street.

"Indeed," says Josie. "We gave him your undress'ing clothes for \$15, and he shaves you."

MURDERED BY STREET TROOPS

Timothy Shea, Superintendent of Park & Tilford's Stables, Found Dead in an Eighth Avenue Hallway.

HAD LEFT HIS HOME TO HEAR ELECTION RETURNS

Carried Between \$20 and \$25, but When Found Money Was Gone and Even Coat, Vest and Hat Were Missing.

Timothy Shea, superintendent of Park & Tilford's stables, was murdered to-day by thugs. He was found lying in a hallway at No. 878 Eighth avenue with his skull fractured and died an hour later on the operating table at Roosevelt Hospital.

Shortly after dinner last night Shea left his home at No. 320 West Fifty-second street, where he had lived ever since he was a boy with Mr. and Mrs. James Porter. He said he was going to watch the election returns. He was a man, the family say, who didn't drink and who had never kept late hours, so they became greatly alarmed when they awoke to-day to find that he had not returned to the house. They were prepared to go to the police to find out if anything was known about Shea when the news reached them that the young man was dead.

A man named Morgenthaler, who keeps a restaurant at No. 575 Eighth avenue, which is a half block away from the Porter home, found Shea in his doorway and called a policeman, believing him to be intoxicated. The young man's coat and vest and hat were missing, and there was nothing to indicate to the police that the young man was not drunk. It would be as likely to be a man to the hospital than to a police station. On the way to the hospital the fracture in the skull was evidently made with some heavy, blunt instrument, was discovered and an operation was ordered immediately.

Mrs. Porter says that Shea had always been accustomed to carrying a key and a letter.

She said thirty years old and had been employed by Park & Tilford for twelve years.

ST. LOUIS SHAKEN BY EARTHQUAKE

Three Several Distinct Shocks Which Caused the Sky-railers in the Downtown Business Section to Tremble.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—This city and vicinity experienced a series of earthquake shocks at 12:13 o'clock this afternoon. There is a difference of opinion as to how many. The earthquake was perceptible all over the city and was mostly felt in the high business blocks in the downtown section of the city.

One occupant of a high building with his chandelier swung three inches. The movement was from east to west. A long-distance telephone message from Louisiana, Mo., says that a perceptible shock was felt there about the same time.

FLAMMER'S ANNIVERSARY.

Was Appointed to First Term on Bench Thirty Years Ago. Heartily congratulations were tendered City Marshal Charles O. Flammer in the West Side Court to-day on his thirtieth anniversary of his appointment to the bench.

When he took his seat he was completely surrounded by palms and floral decorations, most of them being sent him by court acquaintances.

Marshall Flammer was first appointed in 1873 by Mayor Havemeyer.

LIKED HIS "NIP."

Not a Whiskey but a Coffee Toper. Give coffee half a chance and with some people it sets its grip hard and fast. "Up to a couple of years ago," says a business man of Brooklyn, N. Y., "I was as constant a coffee drinker as it was possible to be; indeed, my craving for coffee was equal to that of a drunkard for his regular 'nip,' and the effect of the coffee drug upon my system was indeed deplorable."

"My skin lacked its natural color, my features were pinched and my nerves were shattered to such an extent as to render me very irritable. I also suffered from palpitation of the heart."

"It was while in this condition I read an article about Postum Food Coffee and concluded to try it. It was not long before Postum had entirely destroyed my raging passion for coffee, and in a short time I had entirely given up coffee for delicious Postum."

"The change that followed was so extraordinary I am unable to describe it. Suffice it to say, however, that all my troubles have disappeared, and my original happy self again, and on the whole the soothing and purifying effects produced by my cup of Postum make me feel that I have been 'landed at another station.'"

"Not long ago I converted one of my friends to Postum, and he is now as loud in his praise as I am." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."